Totally Functional

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Totally Functional

by Phenobarbital

Summary

Will Graham was a relatively happy and overall average Alpha, which, as Alpha's went, was not a bad thing.
What he wasn't…was straight.

Notes

- I have mentioned that I was writing an Alpha/Alpha fic a while back and honestly, I've been putting it off. This particular verse, (I think it's called Omega verse?) is not really my thing, it's pretty open-plan while being full of rules and loop holes, which are hard to keep up with and categorize. I read it sometimes, but I can't say I ever see myself writing an Alpha/Omega Hannigram fic. I have, however, found that I quite liked one or two Alpha!Hannibal/Alpha!Will stories, so I'm trying that. I hope it isn't entirely awful :)
- If you've read my other stuff, you might notice my diction is a little iffy; welcome to me writing out of my comfort zone ヽ(´Д` ;)ノ
- Not beta read, all mistakes are mine!

Here's to me trying new things ~

See the end of the work for more notes

Will Graham was a relatively happy and overall average Alpha, which, as Alphas went, was not a bad thing.

Firstly, he was successful in his chosen career path, which went a long way where societal expectations were concerned. Being a successful Alpha, who earned enough to live comfortably –even though Will didn't actually do the latter in the way societal convention expected him to-, and who owned his own property and car and depended on no one but himself, was important in terms of being respected and taken seriously.

Secondly, he was not bad looking –or so he'd been told…once. Sure he was a little unkempt, wasn't much for the whole self-grooming thing, but despite not brushing his hair every day or bothering overmuch with how he dressed, or eating particularly well; he showered once a day, had good dental hygiene, worked out a few times a week and managed a decent enough beard.

And thirdly, he dated at least three or four times a year, if for no other reason than that his colleagues –aka Beverly, Jimmy and Alana- nagged the fuck out of him if he didn't go on the dates they set him up on every once in a while. And heck, on the even rarer occasion, he'd even take a date home –always betas, always male, because he had certain…preferences-, and once there, they'd have mediocre, standardized, but not wholly unsatisfying sex, and then never see each other again.

And this worked. The way Will did things all throughout his life had worked for him.

He was believably nice and passably social.

He was academically and generally intelligent.

He earned enough money to drive a new car but chose to keep his old Volvo station wagon.

He was good at pretending to like people and sustained fairly good relationships with people.

He was convincingly likeable and pretty good in bed.

Basically, he was totally functional and more or less sane.

What he wasn't…was straight.

And in a world where primary gender was more important than secondary, and basically dictated how almost everyone behaved and expected the next person to behave, meant it was just fine for him, as an Alpha male, if he decided to fuck all the betas and omegas he wanted, male or female, but not so fine if he decided to fuck another Alpha, let alone another male… which, by the way, he hadn't ever done. Ever.

And okay, okay, so it was twenty-first century and homosexuality was not something that would get him –lawfully- killed, shunned to the point of exile, hell, he wouldn't even lose his job, **but**, it still made people uncomfortable and feel and act weird and it tended to ruin friendly and work based relationships. And while Will didn't have a lot of relationships or much to hang on to – besides his dogs- in his mostly boring life, bothering to pursue a line of sexual or romantic interest with another male Alpha just didn't seem worth it. He was okay, he was content…he was resigned.

He knew himself, liked himself well enough, he was 100% alpha, he didn't have a gender identity problem, which was the generally accepted opinion amongst shrinks and the like for why homosexuals were. But he wasn't personally unhappy with himself, he wasn't confused, he just wasn't attracted to females, whether they were omegas or betas. On the rare occasion he did sleep with betas it was only if they were rather like an Alpha in their build and looks, despite them always lacking the –sexy, heady, arousing- scent of an Alpha, and the other physically defining traits of his own primary gender, such as heightened senses, advanced reflexes, increased physical strength, body temperature and resistance to pain, sharper teeth and of course…ahem, a knot.

Yeah, so…yeah, there were several things that he didn't and couldn't find in a beta partner, and every year it was getting a little harder to brush off the Omegas his Alpha colleagues tried to set him up with and deflect questions about when he was going to settle down and have kids, but other than that…he was fine.

He was fine.

Until Doctor Hannibal Lecter entered the scene and fucked up *everything*.

That guy. Christ. Talk about an *Alpha*.

If the fact that he was an extremely attractive, six foot tall European with an incredible accent and a hot as fuck build and stature was **not** enough, he was also *everything* else an Alpha could possibly be –i.e: super successful, rich, confident up the wazoo, and oozing dominant hormones that smelled better than his expensive cologne-, he was also *thoroughbred*, which was so very rare.

To discover, upon meeting said phenomenally hot Alpha, while attending a fundraising gala with fellow Alpha, Doctor Alana Bloom –who'd invited him with the intention of introducing him to an omega nurse named Matthew Brown (because she at least knew he liked men)-, that Hannibal Lecter was completely unattached, *singlesinglesingle*, drove Will to promptly abandon his half drunken glass of expensive champagne, going on to drink exactly no more alcohol for the rest of the evening, because the last thing he needed was liquid courage to make him do something dumb.

He didn't think he'd survive the embarrassment of coming on to an Alpha like that; the humiliation of rejection would be too much to deal with.

So, completely sober and surrounded by various people from the medical, psychological and scientific professions, being some version of each of those in his own way as a Professor of Criminal Psychology and consultant criminal analyst for the Quantico, FBI Behavioral Science Unit, Will was utterly fucking bored.

Worse still, Alana made good on her intention to introduce him to Matthew Brown, the omega who worked as a nurse in some place and was about as aesthetically pleasing as omegas generally were; lean, fit, unblemished skin, round eyes, soft this and that, etcetera, blah, blah; if you were inclined to be attracted to omegas.

But Will wasn't, so he was stuck conversing with Matthew, who took an immediate liking to him –which was weird because Will was only barely being nice-, sitting at one of the empty gala tables, drinking a ginger-lime fizz and listening to Matthew talk about his avid interest in psychology. And that was great, the conversation wasn't even boring or anything, but Matthew kept leaning in, kept touching Will's forearm, kept smiling a little too much on the side of flirtatious…and Will was just *not* interested in him like that.

It took almost a half hour before Will found a socially polite opening in their –largely one sided- conversation to excuse himself to the toilet –from which he had no intention of returning to Matthew's company.

In fact, he decided he'd just leave.

And he would have, if Hannibal Lecter hadn't been standing in the lobby, bidding a colleague goodnight just a few feet from the exit. Seeing him there gave Will pause, and pausing mid-stride in an empty lobby made him conspicuous as all hell, and hot Alpha Hannibal was bound to see him. And of course he did.

So there's Will standing, twenty feet across an empty, brightly lit lobby, from a man wearing a tux that was *not* a rental like his own, with perfectly groomed hair where Will's had only seen a comb for the first time that week, and only for a few quick run throughs while it'd been wet from the shower.

Shit, he wasn't even sure he'd rinsed all the conditioner out of his unruly curls…he probably looked ridiculous…

…but Hannibal Lecter smiled at him –smiled at him with closed lips, a slanting, sexy, amused, pleased and somehow beckoning and welcoming of further acquaintance and

conversation all at once-, and before he could make himself **not**, Will smiled back.

It was apparently enough of a smile to make Hannibal Lecter walk over him to, all long legs and smooth strides, easy grace and confidence. Will stared, he knew he was staring, he *watched* the other Alpha walk up to him, he felt his body tense and heat and tingle, butterflies rioting in his stomach as they generally did when one person liked another; found them attractive and desirable. He knew that he blushed. And he knew his attraction would be obvious to the other Alpha, because he knew that there was no other way to interpret his instinctive Alpha-confident eye contact mixed with the contrasting flush to his cheeks and uncertain coyness of his smile.

He expected Hannibal Lecter to keep on walking when he noticed, for his smile to fade and a look of disdain to come over his refined features…but Hannibal Lecter stopped, just two feet from him, and he kept smiling as he said,

"Will Graham, yes?"

Stumped, Will just nodded, feeling self-conscious in his rented tux and old formal black oxfords. God damn bowtie probably wasn't even straight-…

"Were you about to leave?" Hannibal Lecter asked, casually not-really-glancing in the direction of the exit.

"…" and Will just nodded again, blush intensifying when the other Alpha's smile broadened almost knowingly and he raised his eyebrows,

"As was I…" cue the perfectly timed approach of a staff person walking up to Hannibal to hand him his very expensive looking coat, and after Hannibal thanked him with more finesse and politeness in a mere nod of acknowledgement than Will could manage with his well-practiced lines of niceness, the European Alpha looked at him again and said, "…if you're not in a hurry, would you be interested in getting a drink together?"

And with those words Will's brain practically leaked out of his ears, because he was *not stupid* and he *knew* that Hannibal Lecter was not saying 'let's get a drink as colleagues' because he wouldn't have added the unnecessary *together* at the end, and he knew the wording was meant to appeal to his primary gender because Hannibal hadn't said 'I'll buy you a drink' like a condescending asshole who fancied himself above Will, or 'drinks on me' like a platonically befriending Alpha would have; he'd said *interested*, which implied he was hoping Will *wanted* to.

Will didn't know how he knew the difference, because it hadn't even happened to him before, but he did, he *knew*, and he made a split second decision in that one of a kind moment, and finally managing to speak, he rasped out the word,

"Yes."

And that was how it ended…or rather, how it all started.

"What will you have to drink?" Hannibal asked as they approached the bar…of an expensive, five star hotel that was close to the gala venue.

Will was still reeling from agreeing to get drinks, and he'd sure as hell been wondering whether he was misreading the situation, but now, sitting at a fucking *hotel* bar, shrugging his coat off his shoulders across from another Alpha doing likewise, pulling up chairs and sitting down, he doubted himself less and less.

The bartender came over and Hannibal ordered a glass of some wine that Will couldn't pronounce, and then after a beat of him awkwardly staring at the older Alpha's profile, he turned to the bartender, cleared his throat and ordered a double shot a decent but not too pricey whiskey.

He wasn't sure if they were paying separately…or, if he should offer to pay, if he should let the other man pay…did he actually want another Alpha paying for his drink in this scenario? Was it a submissive gesture?

The idea made Will hot under the collar with feelings of defiance and arousal. The Alpha in him didn't want to demure to the older Alpha, but a huge part of the attraction he'd always felt to other Alpha's was the fact that they were dominant, powerful and could –and would?- handle him differently; *handle him.*

He found himself wondering if it'd be rough, if it would hurt…and he knew he'd like it, he just wasn't sure it'd be a little or a hell of a lot.

'I want to be knotted…' Will thought, quite assuredly then, just as he'd done many times before, as he'd fantasized about, masturbated thinking about. Christ.

Their drinks came and he knocked his back with one swallow that burned really good.

"You seem nervous, Mister Graham." Hannibal observed, tone laced with amusement, and then he sipped his wine, looking superior and elegant and so fucking handsome in his custom tailored tux, all perfect lean, well-built lines and angles.

Hannibal didn't seem nervous at all, so either he'd done this before, or Will **was** misreading the situation and this wasn't his fantasy come true. Jesus, he was so confused. And Hannibal had just called him Mister Graham, which was so impersonal…

Will swallowed, feeling nauseous with misunderstanding and he only tasted the strong whiskey on his tongue, which didn't really help. He panicked then, feeling sweat break out on his forehead and the back of his neck as his doubts rose up tenfold. The doctor was just being friendly, he knew Alana and he was just being nice, maybe he was even just interested in some psychology related stuff and here Will was, thinking something completely inappropriate.

"I should go." he said suddenly, voice firm and a little aggressive despite his nerves feeling frayed.

He stood up, reaching into his pocket with the intent to get his wallet and pay, but then Hannibal said,

"Have I offended you?" which made absolutely no sense.

So Will stopped what he was doing and looked at the older Alpha, standing less than a foot away from where the man sat, their height difference only just the opposite with Hannibal sitting down on the high stool.

"Why would I be offended?" he didn't get it, honestly. As far as he knew, his own private thoughts had been offensive, had the other man but known of them.

Hannibal didn't look particularly concerned about anything though, his expression calm and neutral as he took another sip of wine and then set the glass down on the coaster on the bar, eyes focused on the red liquid as he licked his –very kissable- lips before speaking,

"Considering the abruptness of your wanting to depart, I could only assume that you've just realized my intentions toward you and have taken offense." he said quietly but evenly, bringing his eyes to meet Will's as he raised his eyebrows, "If that is the case, I would at least like to apologize for making you uncomfortable, before you go."

Will was confused again, because Hannibal had said '*intentions toward you'* and just what the fuck was that supposed to mean. So, feeling annoyed and frustrated he scraped a hand across his trimly bearded jaw and flat out said,

"I'm not sure your intentions are what I thought they were, Doctor," he said honestly, "and that's why I wanted to leave."

Hannibal's prominent, shapely lips curved into a smirk then, and after a fleeting glance to the barman who was standing far enough away, the older Alpha stood up straight, corrected their heights so that he was looking down at Will just so, and he looked Will right in the eyes,

"Let me clarify then," he said quietly enough that only Will would hear him, and Will did his best not to let the fact that he felt lightheaded show on his face as the older Alpha's warm breath ghosted across his nose, "my intention was to bring you back to my hotel room to spend the night with me." he looked amused again.

And oh **yes**, the Doctor wanted to fuck, he wanted sex…this very masculine, purebred, epitome of Alphan specimens standing before Will wanted to take him up to his hotel room and have hot Alpha on Alpha sex, the likes of which Will had never before experienced.

"Is that clear enough?" Hannibal asked with his smirk still in place, and Will was nodding almost immediately, but he didn't say anything, so the other man prompted him with, "Yes?"

Will realized then that he had to give his answer of whether he wanted that too, and so he opened his mouth – and holy shit Hannibal looked at his mouth with intense, gorgeous eyes – to say,

"Yes…let's do that." it wasn't even remotely smooth or eloquent, but hey, Will was no wordsmith.

And he didn't need to be, because Hannibal liked his answer just fine, and after grabbing their coats and leaving the bar –the drinks apparently being charged to Hannibal's room-, they made their way to the elevators.

They talked a bit in the elevator, just enough for Will to learn that Hannibal lived in Maryland, which was a two hour drive from their current location in Virginia, and that he was in town for a series of fundraisers that would take place over the duration of the week, hence the hotel room he was staying in. Will had been expecting Hannibal to ask him a question or two, but he didn't. Which wasn't a bad thing, because it helped Will remain in the necessary mindset, forced to him to acknowledge that this was going to be a one night stand and that was it.

They didn't need to know anything about each other. It would only be one time, but it'd be one time with a hot as hell Alpha, and he'd have at least that much to think back on whenever he was sleeping with betas in the future.

His thoughts were fairly distracting, not only because of the simple yet complicated dynamics of the situation, but also because he felt quite a bit of disappointment already and the night wasn't even over yet; the good part hadn't even begun. But he knew how it would end and that didn't leave him feeling good.

As distracted as he was, he didn't even realize they'd ridden the elevator all the way up…all the way as in, to the penthouse suite. **All the way** as in Will's jaw dropped when they stepped into the large apartment-like hotel suite, all modern but tasteful décor, spacious and well lit, with balcony doors leading out to a large terrace where Will could see flashes of white from the reflection of light coming off of the crystal blue water of a private pool.

"…" he was speechless and gawking and making anything but a good –let alone sexy- impression on the Doctor, but if it bothered Hannibal, the man didn't show it. Instead, his every move was graceful, confident and suave as he closed them into the suite and took Will's coat from him, moving to the coat closet to hang both of theirs up.

"Another drink, Will?" he offered as he closed the coats into the closet at the same time as Will finally closed his mouth, half turning to face the other Alpha, the reasons for why he was there abruptly returning to the forefront of his mind, making him feel tense and hot just beneath the surface of his skin.

"Yes, uh, please." he accepted, because at that point a little liquid courage was more than welcome.

Will –as an Alpha- was unused to feeling nervous around other Alphas, because in situations of Alpha to Alpha confrontation, nervousness usually readily chemically manufactured anger and aggression to compensate for any signs of weakness or inferiority. But in this new and exciting situation, there was no threat, no danger, no need to stand up and assert himself, it

was just the room filling with the scents of two Alphas and making Will dizzy because of his attraction to the smell, so the chemicals in his brain and body were a little all over the place.

His skin felt tight and sensitive, his stomach was light, his mouth felt wet as if he was so terribly hungry, and there was a hot tension in his balls and at the root of his cock that he'd never before felt outside of the actual first few seconds of an orgasm, when pleasure was all he could think of.

This was different…and he somehow just knew that that was how it was supposed to feel when being with someone; the attraction, the anticipation, the *want*.

He watched as Hannibal walked with long, controlled strides across the living room space toward a wet bar, and he blinked back to full focus when the older Alpha spoke again,

"And perhaps you might like to go for a swim," he suggested as he lifted a glass decanter half filled with whiskey, gesturing to the pool beyond the glass walls of the suite, "it's quite a warm evening."

And it was. July in that part of Virginia tended to be a bit on the humid side. A swim didn't sound like a bad idea actually. If nothing else it was an excellent excuse to get naked faster, no cues required.

So Will went with it,

"Yeah, yes…" he nodded when Hannibal glanced at him over his shoulder, "…that sounds like a great idea." he added, watching as the other man finished pouring two shots of whiskey and he lifted up the glasses,

"Outside then, shall we?" he gestured toward the open balcony doors and then walked toward them.

Will followed as quickly as he could without appearing overeager and desperate, not entirely sure he'd managed that by the time he stepped outside.

It was cooler there on the terrace so high up, and the view was stunning, but not only the view of the city stretching on around them, but also the view of Doctor Hannibal Lecter shrugging his tuxedo jacket off his shoulders, revealing a well-muscled torso, pulling and stretching the expensive cotton of his crisp white shirt with every movement.

Will stared, standing several feet away, blinking with the faint breeze that moved over him, watching as the older Alpha dropped his jacket neatly onto a pool chair, before he easily removed his bowtie with one hand and was unbuttoning his shirt with the other when he let the bowtie fall onto the pool chair.

It was like something out of a fucking movie.

"Will…" Hannibal's voice made him refocus –again- to see the older man looking at him with amused confusion, "…are you alright?" he asked, and Will nodded, taking a step forward as

Hannibal glanced at the brightly lit pool and then back to him, "I hadn't thought it necessary, but if you'd like something to wear to swim then I can fetc-…"

"No, no…not necessary." Will quickly said, taking more steps forward as he realized how he was coming across; being there to have sex and yet not actively working toward it. It would seem as if he were second guessing it, having reservations and doubts.

But he wasn't…holy fuck, he wasn't.

Hannibal seemed pleased with that answer, and then he was walking toward Will to close the gap between them, shirt nearly completely undone, revealing the defined and strong lines of his throat, clavicle and the attractive thicket of hair on the older Alpha's chest. Will had never been able to grow hair like that, and honestly, he hadn't ever wanted to…

…what he did want though, was to run his hands through Hannibal's chest hair, press his face to it and breathe in the Alpha scent of him. Will was wracked with a forceful thrumming of arousal as he imagined scenting Hannibal's Alphan hormones right from the root of him, his body reacting quite vibrantly to the following thought of tasting the thoroughbred Alpha's cock.

"Oh my god…" Will exhaled out at the very moment when Hannibal was standing right there in front of him, looking down at him from his minimal height advantage, so close that Will's eyes were close to crossing just to remain focused on him, their lips nearly touching.

He'd never, ever been so close to another Alpha before, he'd never experienced the heat that radiated off of another one, never knew how incredible the scent of another Alpha's arousal could be.

It was everything he'd wanted for so long, and his breath hitched on an unintentional growl that made its way out of his throat, brain instinctually wanting to get defensive at another Alpha's too close proximity, while his body wanted to *know* the other Alpha intimately, be much closer, his cock already half hard, uncomfortably confined in his rented tuxedo pants.

Hannibal returned his growl with a sharp toothed grin, looking as superior as he genetically was, completely unafraid of a lesser Alpha, standing tall and proud and it *pissed* Will off, making his upper lip curl as a more intentional growl rumbled out of him and his pupil's briefly constricted.

"You are truly exquisite." Hannibal said then, voice low and smooth, completely derailing the defensive tension building in Will, the older Alpha making first contact when he brought a warm, slender hand up and not so much cupped Will's jaw as gripped it lightly, before he pressed the pad of his thumb against Will's top lip, pushing the pinkened flesh back to drag his thumb down the extended length of Will's left canine, pressing his skin against the sharp tip. He didn't break his skin, but it was a near thing as he said, "I do hope you bite." teasing, and Will's mouth went slightly slack, eyes dropping to half-mast as the full scent of Hannibal's arousal permeated the air and undid him rather suddenly.

It was divine; the rich, choking heat of it. No wander it could drive omegas into heat, it was *delicious* and *decadent*.

He made a sound, which came out rough and stifled, but the next sound he made was an honest to god moan, when Hannibal leaned in and kissed him full on the mouth, his tongue licking over Will's teeth before seeking his tongue at the same time as his other hand grasped Will's ass and pulled him forward, so that their fronts were pressed flush together, from chest to thighs. And Will could feel the press of the other Alpha's thick, hard cock against his lower stomach, almost beside his own.

It was the first time Will was kissing another Alpha, and despite the hormones in their respective saliva not biologically affecting them, physically, emotionally and mentally Will felt affected. He felt himself losing it, being overwhelmed and dragged into it, parting his mouth wide against Hannibal's as he sucked on the other Alpha's tongue as roughly as his own was consumed, wanting more of his taste. Hannibal's hands were slowly, firmly feeling him up with squeezes and presses, but Will was not so calm and he was feeling all that he could of the other Alpha, his hands skimming and groping from Hannibal's chest and back to his hips and firm ass.

It was all new and all so good.

The kiss went on and on, all sliding tongues, panting breaths, deep sucking and scraping teeth, hips pressing together, cocks brushing through their pants. Will was just thinking that he wanted to be so very naked right then, when a rumbling, pleased growl-purr vibrated from Hannibal through to him and he responded with one of his own, a slightly hitching rumble. A new sound he'd never made before.

A moment later the kiss ended with damp, open mouths, and Will chuckled a little drunkenly at how dizzy he felt.

Perhaps sexual hormones did have an effect on people of the same primary gender; it only depended on if those hormones appealed to you whether or not you felt it, because Will felt **all** kinds of affected.

Hannibal lightly scraped his sharp teeth against Will's bearded jaw as he grinned, his hands sliding down Will's back and around to the front to feel up and over his chest, Will's hands sliding down Hannibal's flanks as the other Alpha moved his lips so that he was speaking against Will's own,

"You're *very* responsive." he said in a low, husky tone that sent a delightful volt of heat through Will.

And there was no avoiding it then, Hannibal would need to know in the end and Will just wanted to get it out of the way,

"Uh, probably because I've…never been…" he swallowed against the constriction of his bowtie around his neck, "…with another Alpha before."

There, he said it.

Hannibal regarded him for a moment then, up close and considering, and instead of being surprised, he asked rather evenly,

"Not even a female Alpha?"

Will blinked and raised an eyebrow, actually a little cross-eyed now with how close their faces were,

"I don't, uh, I don't like women." he answered honestly, dropping his gaze to Hannibal's chin as he sighed slightly, expecting a string of questions to follow that admission, questions that would lead to him having to explain how complicated he was. And he didn't even want to be talking right then.

But Hannibal didn't ask, instead he slowly slid his hands down Will's chest again, before gripping his hips and pulling him in closer to steal a quick, firm kiss before he stepped back and turned, walking over to the poolside table where he'd set the drinks down,

"I say we drink to it, then." he sounded sincere, albeit a little amused.

Will, a little annoyed and frustrated by the sudden lack of contact with the other Alpha, even though he'd only just experienced it for the first time, walked toward Hannibal and stopped a little closer than was necessary to take his drink from the man's hand. With his own testosterone running amuck, he felt bolder and more confident, but he was still nervous underneath it all, still unsure of what he should be doing, if anything at all.

"Drink to what?" he asked, glancing at the amber liquid in the glass before drinking it down in one gulp.

Hannibal sipped his own and then held his glass out to Will,

"To knowing what we want…" and when Will went to take the glass, Hannibal held onto it and smirked, saying, "…and first times." and then he winked and released the glass.

Will was grateful for the extra drink to be honest, so he brought the glass to his lips and swallowed the remaining liquid down, and as he lowered the now empty glass, he was distracted from the taste and sensation of strong expensive whiskey sliding down his throat when Hannibal continued unbuttoning his shirt, using one hand and untucking it from his pants with the other.

Will set the glass down on the table beside them with an unsteady hand as the older man's shirt fell open, revealing an excellent view of Hannibal's lean muscled, nicely tanned and handsomely haired chest, a line of which trailed down the center of his abdomen, disappearing beneath the waistline of his fitted suit pants.

Following that trail led Will's gaze steadily to the prominent and sizeable outline of Hannibal's –very much Alpha- cock beneath the smooth material of his black pants.

Will's mouth felt wetter for it and he realized quite abruptly that his fantasy of sucking on an Alphan cock was finally within his grasp, finally a real opportunity to do just that was right in front of him. With a sudden eager and desperately horny haste, Will reached up and tugged his bow tie off with exactly zero decorum, quick to throw it on the table so he could shrug off his jacket.

Hannibal watched him, Hannibal watched him with a smirk and a dilated, heated, sexually hungry gaze that raised Will's heart rate and sent his blood racing through his veins, making him hotter and feel unsteadied and so when Hannibal said,

"Eager to get in the water?" in an amused, knowing tone –the smug bastard-, Will's brain to mouth filter failed him and he practically ripped his shirt buttons open as he shook his head,

"No swimming. I want to suck your cock." he exhaled harshly right after, feeling the first honest-to-god blush rush into his face at his own vulgarity.

Hannibal only grinned, unfazed in any way other than the scent of Alphan arousal filling the air anew, the other man wetting his lips with a slow swipe of his tongue, tilting his head as he watched Will throw his shirt onto the table,

"Only if I get to suck your cock in return." the Doctor said smoothly, deeply, sensually, and the image that came to mind had Will grunting and out of his dress shoes and pants so fast he might have been embarrassed under any other circumstances.

He wasn't embarrassed though, and with all of his Alpha confidence naturally driving him, he stepped into Hannibal's space and leaned up that impossibly appealing inch difference of height to kiss the older Alpha, who met his open mouth without hesitation, the kiss a breathy sucking, clinging of their mouths, as Will busied himself urgently unfastening the buckle of Hannibal's belt.

With Will in only boxers and Hannibal's belt tossed onto the poolside tiling, the older Alpha severed the kiss and with swollen lips and a famished grin, he *suggested* they go inside to the bedroom.

As if Will required a polite suggestion for anything Hannibal wanted to do to him or have done to himself in return.

The bedroom of the suite was excellent, in that it was well lit and furnished with a lovely king size bed just *perfect* for rough, active Alpha on Alpha sex.

The thought made Will moan into Hannibal's mouth as they kissed fervently and stepped out of the last of their clothes; Will's boxers and socks and Hannibal's pants, boxer briefs and socks.

Naked, they stopped at the foot of the bed, almost as if Hannibal knew Will needed a moment to take it all in, and the older Alpha loosely cradled Will's head in his large, slender, strong hands, caressing over his ears and tangling fingers in his curls as Will –drunk off the hormones he swore he could taste along with the actual tastes and dizzying feelings making him weak in the knees and his cock as hard as was physically possible- looked over Hannibal's naked body with his mouth hanging open, reddened lips wet, breaths unsteady.

Hannibal was everything an Alpha should be; in clothes and out. Will felt overwhelmed looking at him, the visual exposure layering thickly over his already ragingly aroused senses

of taste and smell and touch and sound. He'd *needed* this, needed to be with an Alpha and he hadn't known just how much until right that moment.

He was still looking, still taking in the sight of Hannibal's strong, broad shoulders, defined collar bone, his chest and narrow waist, Adonis belt and thick, long engorged cock, his long legs…and then Hannibal rumbled a question, asking what Will wanted and the younger Alpha just leaned in, sliding his hands down over Hannibal's waist, down further and then up the front of his thighs to the middle,

"I said I want to suck your cock…" one hand up over the length of Hannibal's cock, the other between his thighs to feel the heft of his balls.

Hannibal hummed, pleasure and amusement, his cock throbbing and ball's tightening just so beneath Will's questing touches,

"And you shall…" his voice was husky, his hands sliding up into Will's hair to grasp it, tilting Will's head back so their gazes met, open mouths touching, sharing their breaths, "…but after," he cocked an eyebrow and licked a kiss into Will's mouth, brief and deep, before drawing back, "how would you like it for your first time, would you like to fuck me, to mount your first Alpha lover?" he was grinning and Will was drowning in his scent, in his voice, in the feel of the older Alpha's long fingers tightly coiled in his curls, "Or perhaps, you'd like to be mounted?" he practically growled, moving his hips so that his cock thrust lightly into the sudden tightening of Will's hand, kissing away a short moan from the brunet before continuing to speak in a sinfully sexy rasp, "To be fucked roughly by another Alpha, your first time *taking* it." Will blushed again, or perhaps he was just feeling really hot, so badly wanting…

"Would you like to take a knot inside you for the first time?" Hannibal growled beneath his words and Will's eyes very nearly rolled back into his head at the rush of arousal that came over him, making his already very sticky cock wetter at the tip, making him feel the urge to come even though no friction had occurred and his knot was still soft.

He wondered only for a second about how much it would hurt to take a knot up his ass when he wasn't biologically equipped to do so naturally, but the question was so quick and fleeting it didn't have a chance to stick before Will breathily demanded,

"That, fuck yes, **I want your knot**." right against Hannibal's mouth, his own tone aggressive, not asking. Demanding.

But there was no Alpha posturing between them, this was not Alphan rivalry, this was one Alpha desiring another, and Hannibal's only response was to kiss Will, sucking on his tongue hungrily for a moment of opening and closing slides of their mouths, before he drew back and moved away, climbing onto the bed on his knees before turning around to face Will.

Will leaned his hands on the bed, feeling dizzy and needy and he watched as Hannibal lied down supine and then beckoned him closer with a gesture of his hand. Will was quick to comply, crawling on hands and knees over Hannibal, but the older Alpha stopped him before he got far and used his index finger to show Will that he needed to turn around.

And oh yes, they'd be sucking each other's cocks. Only one way to manage that.

Will sat up and turned around gracelessly but very quickly, positioning himself over Hannibal the opposite way around, so that his cock was poised right over Hannibal's face and his face was the same as Hannibal's was for him, the older Alpha's cock hard and leaking, lying against and to the side of Hannibal's lightly rising and falling stomach. Seeing the size of Hannibal's cock made Will's own sex throb –pre-come dribbling out and down and onto Hannibal's waiting tongue- and Jesus fucking Christ, Will felt his asshole clench and ease in a spasm when he imagined –anticipating- having Hannibal's length inside him.

And that was a feeling he wasn't familiar with, it wasn't even something that happened when he fantasized.

It was at that moment that Hannibal's tongue swiped over the leaking head of Will's own heavy, thick and long cock and Will's entire body jerked, tensed and keened at the pleasure, his breath leaving his mouth in a hot huff of air over Hannibal's erection. He didn't have a chance to properly register how good that felt though before more pleasure followed, the older Alpha latching onto his cock with his mouth and sucking at the head, reaching up to grip Will's hips with splayed, hot hands and flexing fingers.

It took Will a few unsteady seconds to regain his senses, dizzied by the pleasure of Hannibal's mouth and the heady and raw scent of thoroughbred Alpha coating his throat will a palpable and delicious taste and flavor, topped off with the fact that Will could not believe it was even happening to him for real. But when he finally regained his senses enough to focus, he didn't even hesitate to dip his head, his wide, wet salivating mouth open and ready as he sucked Hannibal's cock into his mouth as far as he could all at once.

He moaned around it even as he gagged, loving the weight, the flavor, the thick, hot, sticky, veiny, choking heft of a thoroughbred Alpha dick filling his mouth. And Hannibal moaned too, a growling and deliciously deep sound of a pleased, encouraging Alpha; Will knew because it was the same sound he'd just made, except so much firmer and more aggressive, dominant and raw.

Will desperately wished he could swallow more of Hannibal's length, as he'd often been able to deep-throat Betas without a problem and had a fair amount of experience with felacio, but Hannibal wasn't a beta, and not even Omega's had an easy time of swallowing it as far as he'd heard. But that's part of the reason they loved Alpha cock, and Will understood that fixation so much clearer right then, as he bobbed and sucked and bobbed and sucked, mouth wet and lips swelling red, jaw aching, breath hitching and the arm supporting him shaking under the weight of his distracted balance while he used his other hand to massage the gradually inflating swell of Hannibal's knot in the way he knew felt good.

The action of sucking and being sucked –and why the hell had he never considered a 69 position in the past?- was incredibly pleasurable and quickly overwhelming. Between the sensation of tight, wet suction along his shaft and delightfully choking on another Alpha's erection, Will could feel his own knot swelling quickly, largely due to the fact that in between squeezing the bulbous intensely erogenous area, Hannibal would occasionally stop felating him to lavish his knot with oral attention.

The sensation left Will drooling around Hannibal's dick uselessly while trying not to thrust into the other Alpha's mouth like a pubescent, horny teenager. He was drunk on the taste, smell and feeling of his Alpha one night stand lover, and he'd never felt freer.

On the next long suck and perfectly timed knot squeeze Will moaned loudly and half choked around his mouthful, ready to come and in no way feeling shy about it, but then Hannibal grabbed his hips and he felt his cock slip from the heat of the older Alpha's mouth without warning or reason. And Will thought the injustice of it all was very aggravating.

Somewhere in his lust addled brain he was aware that he'd neglected to follow through on his part in the 6 to Hannibal's 9, and thinking that might be the reason the heavenly suction around his cock had ceased, Will applied a quick bob and suck to the older Alpha's erection, but Hannibal didn't let Will keep his head long enough to stick to his guns.

Instead he moved his hands from Will's hips to his ass and spread his cheeks under his big palms and long dexterous fingers, thumbs dipping into Will's crack, pulling the firm mounds apart, exposing him completely and immediately arresting Will's absolute attention. Because his ass and the tightly furled pucker of his anus had never received even an ounce of the attention he'd often fantasized about, except for right then, and Will had to let the hard choking length of Alpha cock fall from his lips so that he could focus on the feeling without distraction.

He was aware that he was panting and he felt flushed and his teeth ached to bite, his eyes were blown out black and his senses were more alive than ever before, and Will just allowed it all to wash over him…because this was what he'd needed for so long.

His head was dipped, his face still nose deep in Hannibal's pubic hair, breathing his every hot breath onto the swell of the older Alpha's already substantial knot, when he felt his hips pulled down again and a second later Hannibal was licking his slightly rough tongue –for the comforting grooming of one's mate-, wet and hot, into the fluttering dip of his asshole.

It was so good, goosebumps erupted all over his flesh, his toes curled, head spinning, balls and knot tightening and tensing and Will couldn't even help it when he growled out the word,

"Alpha." in a hoarse voice, his hormones –rampaging free now that he was *finally* attending to his true desires- suddenly did a number on him at the sensational never before experienced feeling of a grooming tongue, because Beta's did not have that, as well as having his hole licked so obscenely, happening to him all at once.

And he would have felt like a complete fool, if it hadn't been for Hannibal's cock bouncing right beside his face from a rush of blood pumping arousal and the older man throatily rasping out the word,

"Alpha." in response, right against Will's twitching asshole.

Will had a full body tremble at the sound of it, at the sound of that word said to him in that voice with such feeling and he began mouthing at Hannibal's knot and the base of his cock almost unconsciously, craving the taste, inhaling the scent…

Christ.

Why had he taken this long to do this before now?

Will let his eyes roll closed as he trailed a hand up from where it'd been gripping the hotel bedspread, over Hannibal's lean, narrow hip and he slid his fingers around the swollen bulb of the older Alpha's knot as he sucked the length of his cock into his mouth again, swallowing it down with renewed and focused desire. And with each flick, swipe and press of Hannibal's tongue against and into the furl of his hole he squeezed the older man's knot.

He could taste and feel the thick pre-come coating the back of his throat, ample amounts that had him swallowing frequently and moaning, feeling an ache building in his jaw just as much as it was building in his groin and –interestingly- even around his hole, his body giving way to long latent desires.

It was a delirious few minutes that passed for Will, the room filled with obscene noises of sucking and licking, muffled moans and deep breathing. They hadn't even fucked yet and it was still the best sex he'd ever had.

When Hannibal eventually stopped eating his ass, growling low in his chest and manhandling Will's hips upward again so he could mouth away the dripping string of pre-come leaking from the head of his cock with an obscene suck, Will was loose limbed, relaxed, turned on all the way up and ready for whatever came next.

He went easily when Hannibal pushed him sideways, the older Alpha's cock slipping from his mouth with a slick sound as he landed on his shoulder and then flopped onto his back. He was a hot mess, limbs everywhere and body peaked with *real* pleasure, so he just laid there as Hannibal untangled himself from Will's indecorous display and resituated himself so he was lying beside Will, their heads at the foot of the large bed.

"Feeling good?" he asked gruffly, smile wide and sharp teeth on display as he trailed his fingers over Will's collar bone and down to tweak a sensitive nipple.

Will arched into it and followed the movement by raising his head and hand, catching Hannibal in a firm hold at the back of his head and pressing their mouths together in a rough, hungry kiss.

He flipped them easily, because while he appreciated Hannibal's Alpha strength, he had his own and dominance came just as naturally to him. And Hannibal responded to it like liquid sex, like silky butter melting on the surface of a searing hot pan, hooking one leg over Will's hip while stretching out the other, pushing and weighing Will off balance so that he was pulled down flat and flush against the older man, the kiss barely paused before it continued. Will was drunk on the ease and pull and press and sexual tension of it, his hair grasped as tightly as he did Hannibal's, rough fingers leaving bruises, grabbing and handling, the way Hannibal responded to having his nipples sucked while making Will moan, breathy and wanton, against his skin as he rolled his hips up to grind their hard cocks together.

He was down to kissing Hannibal's muscled, lean abdomen when the older Alpha sat up and dragged him up by the base of his neck into another heated kiss, a wide sucking taste of each

other's mouths, before Will found himself shoved backwards so that his shoulders connected with the pillows and headboard and he huffed out a laugh.

He'd never felt so good before…

Hannibal followed, getting up onto his knees before making his way up, roughly pushing Will's knees apart, grabbing one ankle to raise his leg and expose him for no other reason Will could guess than because he could.

Will didn't mind, looking up and watching as Hannibal leaned down, opening his mouth to the next devouring kiss, biting hard at the older Alpha's top lip between one kiss and the next.

The kiss severed briefly and Will was aware of Hannibal retrieving something from the bedside drawer, placing it atop the table surface before there was more kissing and touching.

"You still…want…my knot?" Hannibal gasped out between further kisses and Will was nodding before the question was even completed, licking at the older man's mouth and dragging blunt nails over his flanks, impatient for more, for everything.

Will supposed it was courteous of him to check for follow up consent considering the circumstances, but in the moment, he didn't care about manners and decency, he wanted to be thoroughly fucked and he didn't want to wait much longer for it.

Hannibal didn't make him wait.

Will gave over complete control for what came next, relaxing into Hannibal's never ceasing kisses and losing himself to the feeling of a single finger –first- playing and pressing over his anus. He'd never been breached before, but even while he was nervous, he moaned at the feeling of Hannibal's long single digit slipping into his hole.

It was slick as hell and slipped in smooth and quick, and Will wasn't surprised when his nose picked up the scent of synthetic slick lubrication, because he used the same thing when sleeping with male beta's since anal sex always required lube, and Alpha's tended to create twice as much pre-ejaculate when reacting to the scent of Omega slick as opposed to using standard water-based lube. One thing was distinctly different though, was that it smelled a hell of a lot more expensive than what Will had used before, but that didn't surprise Will either.

Hannibal was obviously rich as fuck.

The scent of the lube made his own cock leak more than before and as a second finger slid into his hole to stretch his rectum out, Hannibal severed the kiss and a moment later Will's moaned long and loud as his cock was engulfed in the wet heat of the older Alpha's mouth as the man sucked at the steady leak of his pre-come while fingering his ass in slow scissoring motions.

Will could feel his knot, which had swelled to the fullest it had ever become during sex, thrumming with pleasure which flowed up to the tip of his cock in waves of heat, his abdomen and balls tensing the harder Hannibal sucked at the purpled-red engorged glans of

his erection, and with the additional press and slide of the older Alpha's fingers inside him and over his loosening rim, he felt like he was hanging on by a thread.

"I'm gonna'…aaah…cuh-come…" and he didn't even know if he was, but it felt like a damn near thing as he arched his back and clenched his eyes shut, grasping two handfuls of Hannibal's soft, silky hair.

But Hannibal drew off his cock then, and Will both groaned and moaned in frustration and relief, because while it had felt good, he didn't want it to be over so soon. He wanted to go all the way because he may never have the chance to again.

There were three fingers in him next, slicker than before and sliding faster and deeper than before, and Will barely had a chance to register the stretch to his asshole before Hannibal was eating at his mouth with wet, rough eagerness, the older man grinning against Will's mouth when he played his fingers right over Will's prostate and rendered Will slack jawed and vibrating with moans and shivers beneath him.

It went on that way until three fingers were four and Will's lips were raw and red and swollen from kissing and he was positively quaking with pleasure, pupils fully blown and growls intermittently leaving his throat in response to Hannibal's grunts and growls whenever Will fingered his nipples and especially when he reached down to stroke Hannibal's cock and squeeze his knot.

There was biting, Will was vaguely aware of it and while he'd never done it himself, having only slept with betas, which didn't prompt such a reaction, he knew it was an unconscious thing done by an Alpha to assert dominance over a mate. And Hannibal, who Will expected had probably slept with every gender at least once, would bite at the front of Will's throat at random points, mostly when Will moved too much beneath him or dug nails into soft places along his body. Will hadn't consciously known what to do the first time when he felt sharp teeth press into his jugular, but when he'd unconsciously growled a warning in response, Hannibal had immediately let go and licked at the indents left by his teeth before he'd come up to kiss Will roughly and grinning. The second time it happened, Will knew it was partially instinct and partially just because Hannibal liked to play rough.

Will found he liked it to, and so they bit between kisses and moans and all the while his body ached with need for more, *more* that he'd never even had before but felt starved for.

The prep didn't end at four fingers though, and Will was panting into the humidity of the room as the older Alpha eased his slick wet hand inside Will beyond the point of his four knuckles, the action slow and steady as he placed kisses and scraped his teeth over Will's chest, abdomen and hips all the while.

Will lied there pliantly, with his legs spread eagled and his hands clenched tightly into the pillows beneath his head as Hannibal worked him through prep for a knot, easing in his thumb with four other fingers, so carefully and intensely, and then with a wet squelch, drawing out before pushing in again. Will kept his eyes open as much as he could, watching Hannibal –who watched him back in between concentrating on his task- as the older man opened him up.

It was probably well into twenty minutes prep by the time Hannibal finally had his hand in deep enough and slick enough and then he slowly curled his hand into a fist and Will clenched his eyes shut…and moaned openly at the sensation of pressure and fullness and just a little pain.

Hannibal did it again and again and again, slowly clenching and unclenching his fist inside…

…and Will realized then that he was in the right place, exactly where he wanted to be, because he *loved* the feeling of having his ass full and stretched and sore and he knew then that the only thing that would feel better would be taking Hannibal's actual knot inside him.

It wasn't long after that before Hannibal relaxed his hand and slowly, carefully, removed it and Will felt his rectum spasm sorely, clenching around the gaping emptiness left behind.

He didn't have to wait too long to be filled again at least, because Hannibal only took a moment to generously lubricate his thick cock before he stretched himself out along the length of Will's body, the two Alpha's sharing a few heavy, intense breaths as their bodies lined up, and then the older man reached between them and kissed Will's mouth, wide open and hungrily, as he guided himself into Will's hole.

Having never been penetrated by anything before that night, let alone an Alpha cock, Will was seized with both physical and emotional pleasure at finally realizing his fantasy, and he moaned long and loudly into Hannibal's mouth, a perfect complement to the older Alpha's own deep moan as they connected. And after a brief pause of breathing and kissing, tensing and shivering, Hannibal shifted again and began thrusting, long and even and not slowly but not quickly, their mouths coming apart and sealing together again almost desperately between thrusts, just enough to allow the sounds of their pleasure to fill the space around them intermittently.

The experience became a rush of closeness, pleasure and deep fulfillment for Will as Hannibal amped his thrusts up to the point where their skin was smacking together, Will's back starting to ache from being in the unfamiliar position. Their kisses became sloppy and absently taken and given, their growls, moans and mutual mutterings of Alpha were husky and gasped, their hands grasping and groping, bruised and bruising with each touch and Will could *feel* Hannibal's swelling knot rubbing and pushing against his slick hole each time, pushing him closer to the edge, making it hard to breathe and think and do anything but *feel amazing* and *anticipate*.

Soon…very soon…

Jesus Christ, he wanted it.

So he said it,

"Knot me, fucking…**do** it…" he panted between thrusts and Hannibal's tongue licking into his mouth, his hands grasping tightly, one in the older man's hair and one on a firm tensing ass cheek, encouraging the man to push it in all the way, to lock them together; not for something as biologically instinctual as breeding, but just because they both wanted it **so** badly.

And Hannibal obliged, ever the gentleman that he seemed to be, he was quick to acquiesce, balancing his weight on one forearm, slipping a hand back between them to grip Will's weighty erection, to stroke his length and press back on the younger Alpha's own swollen knot, and then with a few breathy grunts he thrust harder and *pushed*, and Will clenched his teeth and bore down on the intense pressure forcefully opening him up and with a loud squelch and a rush of dull pain Will felt his sphincter give way.

He couldn't help the half-shout, half-growl that left his throat as Hannibal's knot breached him, opening him up wider than the man's fist had as it slid in and in until it was buried, snug and clutched inside his spasming passage, so deep that it felt really sore but really right. The older Alpha's breaths shook and his hips stuttered, moaning gruffly as he came inside Will's rectum constricting vice-like around his knot.

It hurt, it really did, but it also felt really good and Will was **so close** to coming, so close right up until the moment that he ***was,*** Hannibal's stroking hand roughly sliding down to enclose and squeeze almost perfectly tight around his own knot, and along with the intense pressure settled against his prostate, it had Will moaning loudly too and coming between them in steady thick spurts, his orgasm robbing him of his senses for a long minute.

And as an Alpha, he knew how much he could ejaculate when inside a beta, so he wasn't too surprised that by the time he finally came back to himself from being on an orgasmic pleasure high, not only was his ass aching, but it was still clenching around Hannibal's large knot, serving to milk the older Alpha, inciting follow up orgasms as an Omega generally would. As a result his lower belly felt tight and full with the older Alpha's copious amounts of come filling him. It was an entirely new sensation, which had him frowning at the sensitivity and moaning softly into the humid air around them at the newly discovered arousal he experienced from the fullness.

Will had often wondered how it would feel to be on the receiving end, and now that he knew how intense and intimate it felt, he wasn't sure he'd be able to go the rest of his life without ever having it again…

His thoughts were derailed just then when he came again himself, Hannibal stroking him and then squeezing his knot to milk him too. Such a considerate lover. Will eyes rolled shut as his body was once again wracked with pleasure.

His eyes were closed as he breathed loudly in the aftermath of his second orgasm, and they were both still trembling with pleasure when Hannibal's mouth found his again. The kisses that followed were indulgent and almost obscene with eagerness and sliding tongues. And Will, feeling good and satisfied, smiled when Hannibal mumbled the word 'exquisite' against his lips and trailed kisses down over the front of his throat.

It was bold on Hannibal's part and reckless on Will's, but just the same as Will leaned his head back to **allow** the other Alpha to kiss, lick and nip at his vulnerable neck, Hannibal **allowed** Will control of the action by not pulling against the scalp threatening grip of Will's strong hands in his hair.

Will was thrown however, when Hannibal *scented* him.

It was more intimate and personal than Will was expecting, and between two Alpha's even more so since it was the farthest thing from conventional even between gay couples, since it largely served no purpose but to offend. But the same way Will was certain Hannibal's Alpha pheromones were affecting him, it seemed his own were affecting the older man, and the idea of actually achieving such intimacy with another Alpha made Will loosen his grip on the man's hair and return the gesture.

He half expected Hannibal to growl and warn him off, but instead the older man buried his face in Will's neck with more fervor than before, baring his own throat to Will's scenting, and for the next few minutes they did little else other than kiss and touch, scent and rub against each other while they remained knotted together.

Will didn't even remember falling asleep, or their bodies naturally separating, but he did remember waking up at some random point in the early hours to the older Alpha's weight rested atop him, the man's head on his chest as he lied on his back, the older Alpha fast asleep, and Will had just smiled and fallen asleep again with complete ease.

Satisfied and happier than he'd ever remembered being before.

And even though he woke up alone in the hotel bed the following late morning, sore and achy in wholly new ways, Will was beyond pleased, and a little flustered by his inflating ego and the accompanying contradicting giddiness, to find a note written in beautiful handwriting on a pad of hotel paper, set on a tray of pre-ordered room service breakfast, waiting for him.

The note read; *Dear Will, I sincerely hope we can see each other again. Perhaps even, for more than just each other's physical company. If you find yourself amenable to such, please contact me at your convenience. HL*

And beneath the letter was an expensive business card with the name Hannibal Lecter –and credentials- printed on it, along with the Hannibal's contact information.

It wasn't something that Will had ever considered before, sleeping with another Alpha, let alone possibly being *more* with another Alpha, but the desire in him was so strong in that moment, to discover whether he could have **that**, could actually find the happiness he'd been denying himself for so long, could possibly have a real relationship in which he was really happy, that he ate the breakfast, kept the letter and the card and left the hotel an hour later…

…two days later he called Doctor Hannibal Lecter.

End Notes

Thanks for reading :) Leave your thoughts?

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